to fright our hopes, dispel our vain imaginings, and spread the gloomy silence of solitude around us. Night is fearful, darkness filled with spectres, broken by the cry of the wounded and the howlings of the devourers.

Fellow Students: But Fellow Students, our morn is past, the dark night is brooding over us. The bright ideal star of Commandment, to which our life has long been directed, is swiftly fading from our vision; it hangs no longer in the distance, but sinks behind the hills. School days are gone and we linger only to say good by. Now we have attained the end of our race and find all is not bright beyond. We hesitate to rush into the scenes untired and abide this hour to review our pilgrimage. Memory paints anew the scenes in which we took a part and see along our fading pathway days and deeds arise around which our tenderest recollections cluster. Dear Memory: sacred goodwill as these and thanks for the bright pictures thou dost paint! Events long neglected or forgotten, now hast presence unparalysing. The ills and errors then hast concealed and only the joys and pleasures revealed. Happy life we've spent in to-day—none to be forgotten! Fixed on the tablet, it shall live to cheer us in the hours of sad old age. The memory of our bygone years! So sweet to think of their consolations and forget their cares. But melancholy thoughts that seizes each tender heart and starts a sympathetic tear, these years now elapse and number themselves with the Past. We say Farewell and part.